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Examine my stock it  
will please you. The  
price too.

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Succeed where everything else fails.  
In nervous prostration and female  
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remedy, as thousands have testified.  
FOR KIDNEY, LIVER AND  
STOMACH TROUBLE  
It is the best medicine ever sold  
over a druggist's counter.

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AN EVERY DAY PROBLEM  
We solve it by keeping  
Fine Groceries,  
Canned Goods,  
Choice Meats,  
Fresh Vegetables.

FOR AN ELEGANT DINNER  
If you appreciate a good market in town buy  
your fish and clams at my place. Limburger,  
imported Regener, Philadelphia Cream cheese  
or any others desired.

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Excellent in Quality.  
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Principal.  
East Stroudsburg, Penna.

## GIFTS TO THE POPE.

So Many Received That No Place Can  
Be Found for Them.  
The occupant of the see of St. Peter  
is frequently the recipient of strange  
gifts.

Some time ago present of lions ar-  
rived. These are fortunate animals,  
and the Pope at considerable expense  
has had them secured in large pens,  
in which they can ramble at will. All  
they desire is free run of the gardens.

Another remarkable gift, according  
to a Paris contemporary, was a coloss-  
al group in iron of St. X. driving back  
Attilla from the city of X. The names  
are purposely omitted because our  
contemporary does not wish to identify  
the diocese which in an inopportune  
moment of emergency forced upon  
his holiness this damnable humilia-  
tion, which now reposes, covered with  
rust, in the Vatican gardens.

Such gifts innumerable are con-  
stantly arriving from all parts of the  
world, and no place can be found for  
them among the marbles, the anti-  
ques and the paintings of Michael  
Angelo, Raphael and Plauticchio in  
the palace of Bramante. Possibly the  
mylar car will find a place beside the  
nameless saint who turned back the  
scourge of God from the unnamed city.

## Goat a Friend of Man.

The problem of clearing off cut-over  
land in Northern Wisconsin has been  
greatly simplified by the introduction  
of Angora goats. The Angora goats  
do not pull up stumps nor cut down  
standing timber, but they clear off  
brush and young trees. E. C. Car-  
roll, of Alma Center, says that they  
have enabled him to clear his land  
and keep it cleared at a cost of only  
five dollars an acre. He puts them  
into a five-acre lot, and lets them stay  
in it till the entire piece is clean.  
They will graze and kill young trees  
four and five inches in diameter, and  
they like brush better than grass.

Their wool is valuable, and they are  
sure breeders, though they do not  
multiply as fast as sheep.  
For in these many years the goat  
has been a favorite butt of the comic  
cartoonist, who has shaken with  
laughter while depicting him in the  
act of chewing up a tin can or devour-  
ing the family wash as it hung on the  
line. The goat may have done these  
things when he was forced by man to  
live in the environs of populous  
cities. The goat loves freedom. His  
natural home is on the edge of the  
wilderness. Evidently it pays to put  
him where he belongs.

## Fisherman's Shrewd Trick.

"I had great luck fishing in Cali-  
fornia last winter," sighed a business-  
man, as he scraped with his penknife  
the frozen mud and slush from his  
trousers ends. "I wish I was there  
now. The waters of the Pacific were  
very clear where I did my fishing, and  
by the advice of a Dutch uncle, I low-  
ered by a cord over the side of the  
boat a well corked bottle half filled  
with grasshoppers, worms and wa-  
ter. There were a dozen boats fish-  
ing on all sides, but none of them had  
my luck. I landed three fish to their  
one. You see, those tempting insects,  
struggling in the transparent glass,  
were visible a long way in the clear  
water. They excited the fishes' hun-  
ger and drew them to me in shoals."  
—Kansas City Star.

## A LAVENDER TOWN.

Fragrance of Flower Wanted for Two  
Miles at Cutting Time.  
One of the minor harvests of Eng-  
land that promise well is that of the  
lavender fields. I have seen some  
flourishing crops in the Hitchin  
neighborhood.

Comparatively few knew of this  
quaint Hertfordshire town as an im-  
portant lavender growing centre, yet  
it has grown the sweet herb (which  
the Romans called lavandula when  
they used it to scent their baths), has  
distilled the flowers and sent their ex-  
tract into all parts of the world for  
more than a century.

The Hitchin district has less rain  
and more sunshine than the London  
area during the month which has just  
closed, and consequently the long,  
trim rows of lavender plants in their  
dusky green look strong and healthy.  
They are beginning to show their  
flower buds, and there is every likeli-  
hood of an abundant yield at cutting  
time, which will be from three to  
four weeks hence.

At cutting time people come in from  
miles around to inhale the sweetness  
of the fields, and when the distilling  
begins the fragrance of lavender is  
borne on the wind two miles or more  
from the town.

The flowers are put into the still  
with the fresh bloom of their maturity  
on them, and from six pounds of such  
flowers about half an ounce of oil is  
extracted.

## MODEL PRESENTATION SPEECH.

How the German Mechanic Put in it a  
Little Sentiment.

John Smith had worked for the  
Vaise corporation for forty-two years  
and decided to quit. The company in  
consideration of his long and faithful  
service arranged to give him a money-  
recognition. The superintendent,  
out of the works, a German and an  
extra good mechanic, was asked to  
present it. He was advised to use a  
little sentiment in making the pre-  
sentation speech, and this is the way  
he did it:

"John, you have worked for the com-  
pany over forty years?"

"Yes, you are going to quit?"

"Yes."

"Well! They are so tam glad of it  
that they asked me to hand you this  
hundred dollars."

For a Louisville man who was enter-  
ing the tobacco business wanted a  
name for a new brand that he was  
to put on the market, according to  
Success. He finally decided on "Anti-  
Trust," and forwarded it, along with  
the necessary papers, to the Patent  
Office at Washington. A few days  
later he received the following mes-  
sage:

"Grand 'Anti-Trust' registered by  
the American Tobacco Company."

## Misdirected Package

Mrs. Rutledge came hurriedly down  
the broad staircase of her richly ap-  
pointed home, drew aside the heavy drap-  
eries and entered the library where  
her son sat busily writing. His laptop  
at her entrance and with a little ges-  
ture of deference placed a chair for  
her.

"I cannot stay, dear," she said re-  
gretfully. "This is such a busy day.  
But here are two packages I wish  
you would send for me, one by mes-  
senger to Wellington avenue, a dia-  
mond ring for Leonora's birthday, and  
a workbox which is to go by  
express to Anna."

He took the packages from her  
and laid them carefully upon the  
desk. As she drew off her gloves he  
stepped and kissed her tenderly.

"Thoughtful little mother," he said.  
As the door closed behind her a  
faint shadow of annoyance crept into  
his eyes. He glanced from the pack-  
ages to the partly written manuscript  
with a somewhat quizzical smile.

"Capital and Labor," he mused, read-  
ing the heading of the article intend-  
ed for the political banquet which he  
was to attend that evening. "The  
commission is not to my liking. Were  
I the donor of these gifts, the jewel  
would beautify the hand of the hard-  
working little western teacher, in just  
recognition of her honest effort at in-  
dependent labor, and the workbox—"  
he paused and smiled somewhat ruefully.  
The irony of the situation flashed upon  
him. He dared not acknowledge to  
himself, that philanthropist though  
he was, his heart had bridged the  
great gulf which lay between his life  
and the gay, frivolous existence of  
Leonora Hazelton. She, the acknowl-  
edged leader of all social life, had  
paused for a moment in the whirl, and  
—smiled. It was the memory of this  
smile, which against his better judg-  
ment held her place secure in his  
heart. "The workbox," he repeated,  
"should serve to remind the thought-  
less society girl that usefulness is a  
part of life's great purpose, that with-  
out its character-forming influence no  
life can hope to reach its culminating  
possibilities."

He turned to resume his writing,  
but found his pen arrested by a deeper  
desire to make the best of the  
great forces within himself and he  
sat in deep thought for a long while.  
At length he bent again over the desk  
and wrote rapidly. An hour passed  
and he wrote on, and then with a  
deep sigh of satisfaction he laid aside  
his pen, and as he did so the forgot-  
ten packages met his eye. He glanced  
up anxiously at the clock and dis-  
covered that he had barely time to  
meet his appointment. He addressed  
the cards hastily and, ringing the bell,  
directed Jenkins to send them at  
once.

A week later Mrs. Rutledge faced  
her son with a glance of mingled re-  
proach and gladness. She handed  
him a letter and watched him as he  
hastily scanned it.

"Dear Auntie—" he began. "You  
can never know the pleasure which  
your most beautiful gift has given me.  
My busy life has hitherto been  
so void of color. The ring—" he paused  
and flashed a quick glance of start-  
led wonder into his mother's perplexed  
face. "The ring," he resumed,  
"seems to have opened up the vision  
of a new world to me. The world of  
which I have always dreamed. It  
seems to give me hope and courage,  
its very brilliance and purity widen-  
ing the scope of my little, narrow  
existence. I pause sometimes in the  
dull routine of my work to look at it  
and it seems to whisper a little mes-  
sage of encouragement. Your deeply  
grateful and loving niece."

## "ANNA."

Rutledge placed the letter slowly in  
its envelope and stared blankly into  
space.  
"I am wondering how Leonora will  
like her workbox," his mother inter-  
posed rather dryly. She had seconded  
his own thought. Leonora's attitude  
in the matter would mean so much to  
him—far more than his mother could  
know. His head was bent in deep  
thought as he moved toward the door.

"I am going to her," he said sim-  
ply.

He could not define just what im-  
pulse it was which caused him to lay  
so great a stress upon her attitude  
in accepting this gift, which seemed  
inappropriate to her mode of living.  
What message would it carry to her?  
Would it, in its misdirected mission,  
unveil his own secret desire and cause  
her to pause, and—think?

As if in answer to his question she  
came toward him with a trace of  
tears upon her face and her hands  
tingered in his with a little tremulous  
reluctance.

"I am glad that you came," she said  
softly. "You can take a message to  
your mother so much better than I  
can write it. I have tried so many  
times but words seem so inadequate  
to express all that the loving thought-  
fulness of her little gift has meant to  
me," her voice broke and she went on  
unsteadily. "I have been such a use-  
less, inconsequent chatterbox and yet  
sweet, gentle way of reminding me  
has struck the right note."

It seemed to him that it would be  
best not to explain. With a little cry  
of joy he had reached for her hands  
and drew her to him.—MRS. MAREN  
FLETCHER.

## Britain's Coal Troubles.

We hear a great deal in these times  
of the folly and wickedness of war  
between civilized peoples. What  
then, shall be said of industrial civil  
war in our midst? In every dispute  
there must always be a reasonable  
middle course. If it cannot be found  
that is nothing short of a disgrace to  
our civilization.—London Weekly  
Dispatch.

## Exclusive.

"Where do the ottentots live,  
Mary?" a public-school teacher asked  
one of her pupils. "I don't know," m-  
said Mary, primly. "Ma won't let me  
visit any of the people in this neigh-  
borhood."—Youth's Companion.

## As the Fathers Willed

How she hated him! Why had her  
father, the old man, been so kind to  
her? He was kind of her father.  
He had no right to do it when she was  
so young and now that she had be-  
come of age this man was holding her  
to it. His father, William Howard,  
had promised Fenton Bradshaw  
that when Myrtle was 21 his son Gil-  
bert should spend at least a month  
with her, after which time, if they  
agreed to marry each other, they  
should both receive \$10,000. Mr. How-  
ard had provided for this in his will,  
and if they failed to marry, the money  
was to go to certain charities.

Gilbert was now fulfilling his fa-  
ther's promise. Ever since he had  
come to visit his promised fiancée he  
had been balked in every way by her.  
She only appeared at the breakfast  
table when he specially asked it, the  
same at lunch, and he knew that she  
came to dinner only because she must  
treat her father's guest with com-  
mon courtesy. With Gilbert, without  
thought of the money, it had been  
love at first sight. The thought that  
he had come to try to win her made  
Myrtle hate him before he got there.  
If he mentioned a drive, walk, tennis  
or even just to sit and read or talk  
she always had a ready excuse, let-  
ters to write, orders to give to the ser-  
vants, or some equally unnecessary  
thing. He had almost given up in de-  
spair.

Myrtle had not appeared at break-  
fast and he had gone for a walk by  
himself to try and make up his mind  
whether to give in now or wait a little  
longer. She, too, was off riding by  
herself trying to make plans. Either  
he must go away or she would. She  
had dreamed of him all night. Why  
was he so good looking anyway? Why  
couldn't she get him out of her mind?  
The more she snubbed him the more  
pleasantly he smiled. Oh, how she  
hated him for it!—Just that morning  
she had found some beautiful orchids  
on her desk because at dinner the  
night before she had said she was  
fond of them. Her first thought then  
had been to crush them, but they  
were too beautiful.

She was so engrossed in her  
thoughts that she did not see Gilbert  
sitting by the roadside until the spir-  
ited horse started and rose on her  
haunches. He jumped up quickly and  
caught the bridle.

"Sorry to have startled you," he  
said. "Are you going for a ride? Why  
didn't you ask me?"

"Simply because I wanted to be  
alone."

"Very well," he said and touched his  
hat.

Myrtle hit her lip and unconscio-  
usly touched the horse with her spur.  
He reared and striking out wildly  
caught Gilbert on the shoulder, knock-  
ing him down. Myrtle thought he had  
been struck on the head. The blood  
rushed to her brain, her heart leaped  
as if it would leave her body. She  
saw from her saddle and was beside  
him in a moment.

"Gilbert, are you hurt? Tell me, oh  
speak to me!"

Her whole frame was trembling  
her eyes were wet. He sprang to his  
feet and caught her by the arm.

"I'm not hurt—Myrtle!"

They were looking into each other's  
eyes, his breath was coming fast,  
painfully; her heart had seemed to  
stop beating.

"Myrtle," he said again. "You  
care? You care if I were hurt? You  
are not—my friends, yet you care?  
Myrtle, look at me; I love you."

She drew away from him with a  
feeling akin to fear, but that fear was  
mingled with a strange joy. She had  
shook him from his grasp, yet she longed  
for him to take her again.

"Do you hear?" he said. "I love  
you. My little girl, can't you love  
me?"

He caught her and drew her toward  
him. Her pride fought hard, but her  
heart was the victor. His arms closed  
more tightly around her, he bent his  
head and kissed her. But for that  
kiss she might have resisted, but it  
seemed to take all her strength and  
half unconsciously she whispered "I  
love you." He crushed her to him  
again. There was a pause. No sound  
reached them but the twittering of the  
birds overhead.

"You love me," he said, with a catch  
in his voice. "It is too great to be-  
lieve."

"It seems so strange, so impossi-  
ble," she murmured from his shoulder.  
"Why only last evening we quar-  
reled. In fact I have quarreled with  
you ever since you came. I don't see  
how you ever could love me after the  
way I have treated you. I thought I  
hated you, but it was just my pride.  
I had to love you and I know why.  
You are so strong, so self-willed, so  
much of a man and—I love a man."

So they sat in the silence of their  
great happiness, until he whispered  
to her: "Darling, what clever men  
our fathers were."

## New Goods New Goods

Just received a new and complete  
line of "Spring and Summer Goods"

Fancy lawns	7c to 18c per yard
White shirt waist goods	12c to 25c
Seersuckers	12c to 14c
Ladies' gauze vests	10c to 25c
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Mens' fancy dress shirts	50c to \$1
" fancy half hose	10c to 50c
" work shirts	50c
" underwear	25c to 50c
" belts and suspenders	25c to 50c

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**Old Penn Whisky, 75c quart.**  
**\$2.75 gallon** is the finest whisky for its  
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